

# COMPLIMENTARY ISSUE

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# The Quaker

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VOL. VII NO. 1

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, OCTOBER, 12 1926

Price 10 Cents

# Boost The Quaker

## Hi Debaters Started on Year's Program

CLASS DEBATES INTRODUCED BY  
COACH DRENNAN

Around an all star Varsity squad of debaters, L. T. Drennan, debate coach, will attempt to build up the finest group of repartee artists that ever wore the colors of Salem High. From last year's squad there still remain five veteran debaters. These include Joe Marsilio, Clara Patten, Julia Patten and Max Caplan, Seniors; and Wayne Morron, Junior.

Instead of allowing candidates to try out directly for the Varsity this year, Coach Drennan conceived the idea of having class teams; then those who make their class team will automatically become members of the Varsity. This is a new idea in Salem, but already its popularity has been proved by the number of candidates for class teams.

A subject has been chosen for the candidates of each class. The Freshman subject concerns the benefits to be derived from the modern motion pictures. Sophomore candidates will debate about the benefits and defects of College Athletics. The Juniors will discuss the advisability of abolishing the Monroe Doctrine, while the Senior subject is: Resolved, That the Philippines should be given immediate independence.

As soon as the representatives of the class teams are chosen, the Juniors will debate the Seniors, and the Freshman will encounter the Sophomores. These debates will be held in November. Just before Christmas vacation the two winners will debate for the championship of the school.

The debate schedule for this year will be more complete than in other years. It is altogether probable that the debaters will meet Cleveland and Akron, two worthy rivals.

It's up to Salem High to show these schools that we can be just as good in debating as we are in athletics.

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## Start The Quaker on Its Best Year

### Subscription Campaign Begins Tomorrow

Of course you don't need to be told that the "Quaker" this year is going to be a real up-to-date paper. Everyone on the staff can guarantee you that. Everybody will want a "Quaker" every issue because it will be full of news, sport, fun, pep, and all the elements that go to make a good paper. Those of you who enjoyed Iman Advizer's Column last year will get an even bigger kick out of Noah Lott, who has taken that wise man's place.

O Water Sapp, the comic poet, is here to make you laugh and have a good time. Real, up-to-the-minute news looks up at you from every issue of the "Quaker."

You'll enjoy reading the stories, too, because they're written by people who know how to entertain; and remember, only the very best stories are published.

As sports editor this year, we have a hustling, wide-awake fellow, who knows the rules of every game we

play. You'll enjoy reading Fred Schuler's write-ups because they're full of originality and interest.

"Tuffy" Howell, our joke editor, will give you many laughs, and any time you feel like taking a dose of poison and bidding the old world good-bye, just turn to the Joke Column and laugh yourself back into good humor.

Now read this "Quaker" through from cover to cover; just sit back in your chair and have a really good time. Tomorrow our "Quaker" campaign starts in every room and representatives will be around to take your subscriptions. Don't miss a single issue of the "Quaker" because you'll regret it for the rest of the year. Just bring \$1.25 tomorrow morning and be prepared to enjoy yourself to the limit every other Friday of the year, and, remember, you can help us make the Quaker the best and most entertaining that our school has ever put out.

## Salem High Welcomes New Teachers

### Ten Additions to Our Teaching Staff

The new teachers have stepped into their places so quietly and modestly that we have not had a chance to become acquainted. So we welcome this opportunity to introduce the new members of the teaching staff and relate as much of their past history as they will tell us.

Miss Eleanor Workman, a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan and a resident of Poland, Ohio, comes to us from Somerset, where she taught English and Latin for two years. "Salem High is well organized and the students are lovely," is Miss Workman's opinion of our school.

Miss Mabel McCollum, who is teaching shorthand and typewriting, hails from Van Wert, Ohio. She is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan at Athens and has held the position of private secretary for the Central Manufacturing Fire Insurance Company. When asked how she liked Salem, she replied: "I like it fine and better every day."

The man behind the desk in the Commercial Geography class room is Mr. Yale K. Kessler, an Ohio Wesleyan graduate, who has received a Master's Degree in Political Science at Syracuse, New York. Part of Mr. Kessler's teaching experience has been derived from one of those little red school houses that we hear so much about.

Wesleyan also sends us Mrs. Isabelle Englehart, who has taken Miss Snyder's place as Domestic Science instructress. Bucyrus is her home town. Mrs. Englehart took a journalistic course at Wesleyan and reported the college news for the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Miss Potter has been succeeded by Miss Margaret E. Tinsley, girls' coach. Although her home is in Crawfordsville, Indiana she is a graduate of Ohio State. For the last two summers Miss Tinsley has

## Red and Black Swamps Garfield Hi

Akron Team Outplayed at Every Turn.

Showing a complete reversal of form over that shown the previous Saturday against Louisville, the Red and Black easily out-distanced the much heavier Akron Garfield eleven, 32-0. As in the previous game the locals experienced difficulty in getting started; but once they found themselves, they were never headed. Herbert at full tore thru the line at will, while Campbell frequently skirted the end for long gains. Captain Les Older and Bill Liebschner made it hard going for the Garfield defense, tearing down the ball carriers for losses, time after time.

Akron never had a chance, for, from the first our boys were masters of the situation, the Rubber City boys finding the going too rough. They failed to earn a first down, while Herbert scored two touchdowns, Rush, Allen, and Siding each one for the Red and Black's total. Fumbles kept the score lower, due to the bad day.

Lineup:

| Salem      |     | Akron    |
|------------|-----|----------|
| Rush       | LE  | Wallace  |
| Schmid     | LT  | Patico   |
| Liebschner | LG  | Franklin |
| Mathews    | C   | Bland    |
| Talbot     | RG  | Kroys    |
| Older (C)  | RT  | Roach    |
| Day        | RE  | Dennison |
| Siding     | Q   | Boyce    |
| Schuler    | LHB | Orhell   |
| Campbell   | RHB | Oakley   |
| Herbert    | F   | O'Rourke |

Touchdowns: Herbert, 2; Allen, Rush, Campbell.

—Subscribe—

## Help! Contribute to the Quaker

By just reading over this issue of the Quaker, you can easily see that we have an enthusiastic, hard-working staff, every one of whom is firm in the belief that the Quaker is going to set the world afire. But they must have the support of the entire student body in order to put out the best paper possible.

Do you know of any of our alumni who is making a name for himself, or doing something that we haven't heard about? Tell Roberta Reese, Alumni editor, Clara Patten, literary editor would appreciate very much some short stories or poems or anything at all along the lines of literature. Your English teachers will be only too glad to give you extra credit for your work.

The "Quaker" staff consists of some of the most talented pen-and-paper artists in town. They are: Charles Wilhelm, assistant editor; Dick Harwood, assistant manager; Roberta Reese, alumni editor; Fred

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## THE QUAKER

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Faculty Advisor ----- Miss Wood

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## Editorial

Once more have come the days of blessed knowledge. Once more with eager steps we turn to our daily problems and solve them with a willing heart. Once more—Bur-r-r! Excuse me. I must have been talking in my sleep. I am all right now; take the smelling salts away. All I wanted to say is that it's fine to be back again as a member of Salem High. Perhaps all of you cannot quite see it that way, but just ask the Seniors who have been here three—or maybe more years. They will tell you how they feel about coming back, and maybe you will forgive them if they carry their heads a little higher than the rest of you—they are Seniors, and they know exactly what that means!

Another year stretches out ahead of us, a year full of opportunity, fun, and incidentally, a little work. Our football team can match its spirit and pep against any other, and not suffer by comparison. We have a bunch of rooters who go crazy with enthusiasm when Si or another of our boys crashes over the goal for another score.

Our debaters are out to make another clean sweep this year, and it seems entirely probable that they will. All in all, we have a great many things to be proud of. Let us see if we can make this year just a little better than any other, and show the world we have a group of wide-awake, enthusiastic go-getters who can make a mighty big splash.

—Subscribe—

## Have You Met Your New Leaders Yet?

School election resulted in the choice of very efficient Class and Association leaders.

## Seniors:

Eugene Young ----- President  
Betty Deming ----- V.-President  
Mary Jane Strawn ----- Sec'y.-Treas.  
Thomas Schafer ----- Track Mgr.

## Association

Robert Campbell ----- President  
Janet Riddle ----- V.-President  
Brooke Phillips ----- Treasurer.

## Juniors

Walter Deming ----- President  
Margaret Atkinson ----- V.-President  
Robert Phillips ----- Treasurer  
Harold Hurst ----- Ass't. Track Mgr.

## Sophomores

James Wingard ----- President  
Elizabeth McKee ----- V.-President  
Helen Williams ----- Treasurer  
Leonard Porter ----- Soph. Track Mgr.  
Wade Loop ----- Soph. Football Mgr.  
James Scullion ----- Soph. Basket' B Mgr.

—Subscribe—

## Welcome Freshmen

(By a Senior)

Freshmen in geometry class: "Is this Domestic Science?"

Am I not mean? We have done it to every class yet, so don't think you are privileged. As a Senior I am going to give you some hints:

First: Don't go into any room you haven't been in before.

Second: Don't get lost.

Third: If lost, don't ask directions from Seniors, they are not as trustworthy as they look. I know because I have lived with them for four years. I would not have the brass to be this mean if I had not gotten some too, when I was a Freshman. It goes with the works. Now we are going to give you a real welcome.

We are pleased to see so many beginners this year, because it gives Salem High just that many more boosters and admirers. You have gotten along fine so far; don't slacken. We have some splendid organizations here in High and we want the Freshman represented in all. We wish you success and pleasure in your four years of High School work.

—Subscribe—

## Rules for Freshmen

1. Don't put waste paper in your pockets; that is what the desks are for.
2. Keep to the right in the halls; hold out your hand before stopping or going around a corner.
3. Never speed past a red light (teacher).
4. U-turns in main hallways prohibited.
5. Never make wise cracks in your class rooms as the building has just been redecorated and we want to keep it nice.
6. If you become hungry during school hours eat in a quiet manner so that you will not disturb your neighbor.

—Subscribe—

## Freshmen

- F From mother's loving arms they come  
R Right into Salem High;  
E Each one is striving for  
S Success with fire in his eye!  
H Hail then, ye Freshmen of verdant hue,  
M Make ambition your high aim,  
E Enjoy your work while here at school:  
N No school without you seems the same.

—"Pluto" '27

—Subscribe—

## Class of '27 Welcomes New Members

The class of '27 is glad to welcome to its midst some of the new students who have entered this year.

Malcolm Rush comes to us from Hanoverton High where he captained the basketball team.

Thomas Spaulding also comes from Hanoverton and with him, Emmer Schneider. The former was prominent in basketball while the latter excelled in debate and literary activities.

From Washingtonville High comes Jennie Radler, active in dramatics and debate; and Edwin Rowan.

Mildred Stoffer comes to us from Knox Township High School. She took part in athletic activities.

Virginia Marshall has returned from Groveland High where she was active in dramatics, basketball and tennis.

—Complimentary Issue—

## Miss Hart

## Dean of Salem High

We have had this year, upon returning to school, so many things to elicit our admiration, attract our attention and awaken our interest, that we cannot give due time and consideration to everything which deserves such.

We have with us many new teachers who are filling new offices but we have one old teacher who is filling a new office.

Miss Hart, former Freshman English teacher, has been appointed Dean of Girls of Salem High school. This position has been created in the past year by the Board of Education. Miss Hart is well fitted for this new work, having held the position of dean in New Brunswick, a New Jersey school.

Miss Hart has an office next to Mr. Simpson's on the third floor. It is a very beautiful office, made so by tasteful pictures and ornaments and beautiful flowers. She is in her office the first, fifth and seventh periods in the day, and will welcome anyone who wishes a conference with her for the purpose of solving her problems.

Her desire is to become personally acquainted with every girl in school. She is interviewing all the girls; the Seniors are the first on the list because they are leaving in June. The Freshman are next because they are new in the school. She is helping the girls decide upon their vocations and professions, and sends to colleges for catalogues.

Miss Hart, in her position as dean, is going to play a large part in Salem High's private and public life. All she asks is your hearty co-operation.

—Subscribe—

## Calendar

## First Semester, 1926-1927

- Oct. 9 Football at Akron.  
16 Football, Struthers, here.  
22 Senior party.  
23 Football at Wellsville.  
29 N. E. O. T. A. Meeting, Cleveland.
- Nov. 6 Football, East Liverpool, here.  
12 Junior party.  
13 Football at Leetonia.  
19 Sophomore party.  
20 Football, East Palestine, here.  
25 Thanksgiving, football at Lisbon.
- Dec. 3 Association dance.  
9 Senior play.  
10 Senior play.  
17 to Jan. 3, Christmas vacation.
- Jan. 7 Basket ball at Wooster.  
8 Basket ball, Akron East, here.  
14 Basket ball, East Liverpool, here.  
15 Basketball at Lisbon.  
21 Basket ball at Wellsville.  
22 Basket ball, Akron Garfield, here.  
28 Basketball, Wellsville, here.  
29 Basketball at Struthers.  
29 Semester ends.

—Subscribe—

## GREEN GOAT CLAIMS ONE OF OUR SCHOOL MATES

Robert Garrison, a member of the Art Staff of the "Quaker," is also a cartoonist on the staff of the Green Goat, Ohio University's comic journal. Garrison's cartoons have been highly praised by the students at Athens, and the college paper makes special mention of them.

—Subscribe—

## Hi-Y Club Gets Going

The Hi-Y Club held its first meeting Thursday. This year the Club is starting with a membership of eleven fellows. As the year progresses the Club expects to receive twice this many into its ranks.

The Hi-Y Club is composed of boys from the two upper classes. Only those who can measure up to the Hi-Y standards are accepted into the Club.

The officers this year will be: Lester Older, president; Pete Harsh, V-president; Tuffy Howell, secretary; Max Caplan, treasurer.

This is the third year the Hi-Y has been organized in Salem High School. Under the leadership of Coach Wilbur J. Springer, the Club has enjoyed two successful years.

—Subscribe—

## New Songs, New Club, 'N Everything

Friday morning, October 1st, the roof of S. H. S. quivered, rose three inches from its foundation and again settled into place. Why? Well, Max and Tuffy were in their places as cheer leaders and the noise they and the students made was sufficient to raise any roof.

Mary Schmidt was present with her usual pep and a brand new song as well.

Captain Les Older and "Little Rib" Allen were two of the main orators of the day. "Little Rib" told us of Garfield High, and both speakers urged that we support the team, by going to the games and yelling.

The "Knot Hole Club" has been organized to promote noise and pep at the games and Coach Springer in his talk told us of its organization. He also outlined the plans for this year's team, telling us the possibilities of the players. He urged us to lend a helping hand and a word of encouragement to the members of the second team, who are fighting hard and receiving many bumps and bruises for Salem High.

Various announcements were made by our Principal, Mr. Simpson, and plans were made for a Snake Dance after which the Assembly was adjourned.

—Subscribe—

## At What Stage Are You?

"Making of Personality" is subject of Mr. Alan's speech

Our superintendent, Mr. Alan, made some interesting disclosures to us at one of our first assemblies. For example, he startled us with the statement that we are in the semi-civilized stage and must live a while longer before we become civilized. That must have come hard to us who suffer a little from conceit.

"Man passes through four stages," stated Mr. Alan. The first is the savage stage from which we are graduated into the barbarous. Then we become semi-civilized and finally the work of civilization is completed.

According to G. Stanley Hall, the noted psychologist, these four stages are: the imitative, the critical, the loyal, and the vicarious.

Are you past the critical stage yet? You should be.

—Subscribe—

"If I only had a golf club," sighed the convict as he looked at the ball on the links!

—Quaker—

"Bill Chalfonte": Gotta match? Coach Springer: Sure.  
First: Gimme a cigarette.  
Second: Want me ta light it for ya?  
First: If ya don't mind.  
Second: How ya fixed for spittin'?

—Quaker—

"Flaming Youth has not yet set the world on fire!"

—Subscribe—

## Hi Gridders Start Season with Victory

### Muddy Field Slows Up Game

The gridiron representatives of the Red and Black opened their season in an auspicious manner by defeating the Louisville eleven, 12-0, after a hard battle in a field which was covered with mud and water.

Salem seemed overconfident and unable to get started in the first half, being slow on both offense and defense. The defensive work of Campbell, Mathews and Older with Sidinger's offensive were the only distinguishing features of the initial half. The line failed to function properly, and there was a lack of interference for the ball-carriers, Louisville's line being in on every play.

In the second half, however, Salem showed a complete reversal of form, the visitors being completely outplayed. Salem soon changed from a very poor defensive team to a good offensive aggregation, due mostly to the elusive running of Sidinger and Seeds. A pass, Sidinger to Rush, contributed the first half of the total points, the line meanwhile working as a unit, and later making it possible for fat "Ed" to take over the next inter. Don Mathews at center showed great development, as soon the entire team will. "Gus" Jacobson at guard came back strong in the final half, completely outplaying his opponent.

All in all, Salem showed they were the better eleven, but it was clearly seen that both the offense and defense must be improved. True, "buck fever" was suffered somewhat, but they will all soon be over that. With Sidinger passing, fifty per cent of the passes were completed, while Rush, a new student entered from Hanoverton, showed up well on the receiving end, and a passing team, and an excellent one is promised Salem High backers.

### Lineup:

|               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| Salem         | Louisville   |
| Rush          | LE Kallahan  |
| Schmid        | LT Klapper   |
| Talbot        | LG Kerschmar |
| Mathews       | C Heeter     |
| Jacobson      | RG Klymer    |
| Older, (capt) | RT Bixler    |
| Campbell      | RE Smith     |
| Sidinger      | Q Jackson    |
| Allen         | LHB Minser   |
| Day           | RHB Stutz    |
| Herbert       | F Kathez     |

Touchdowns—Rush, Sidinger.

Substitutions—Perkins for Rush, Pasco for Campbell, Scullion for Schmid, Debnar for Scullion, Liebschner for Jacobson, Yengling for Liebschner, Roup for Yengling, Gibbons for Mathews, Bennett for Gibbons, Smith for Talbot, Tolerton for Smith, Van Blaricom for Older, Beall for Perkins, Guilford for Beall, Harwood for Guilford, Konnert for Day, Day for Allen, Seeds for Day, Whinery for Seeds, Lodge for Whinery, Litty for Herbert, Yoder for Klymer.

Umpire—Barrett (W. and J.).  
Referee—Bletzer (Mt. Union).  
Head Linesman—Mr. Kelley (Kenyon).

Time of quarters—12 min.

—Subscribe—

## Football Schedule

- Oct. 16—Struthers, here.
- Oct. 23—Wellsville, there.
- Oct. 30—Alliance, here.
- Nov. 6—East Liverpool, here.
- Nov. 13—Leetonia, there.
- Nov. 20—East Palestine, here.
- Nov. 25—Lisbon, there.

—Subscribe—

## Article X

"Aren't you going to give me a chance this last quarter, coach?" pleaded Tom Bickford in a strained voice.

"No!" Peters replied without taking his eyes from the mud bespattered figures on the gridiron.

Tommy bowed his head dejectedly, his eyes filling. That gruff rebuttal was continually blasting his hopes. For a month he had sat on the bench viewing the games with eager and expectant eyes. Why? Tom found himself asking this question at every refusal. He put it down to a personal grudge. He had lost an important game sometime ago through a foolish error. That and a few more blunders had incurred Peter's anger and distrust. Peters feared to trust Tom in another important game. Might he not spoil another good record? The team was functioning in fine fashion now; why spoil that unity for a sentimental whim? Tom was a good backfield man but—well, Peters simply didn't trust him with the pigskin.

Tommy believed himself cured of all carelessness and tried to impress this fact on the coach's mind, but to no avail. So Tom sat on the bench, week after week, hoping, dreaming of the time when he would once again tread the gridiron in a college game.

Today's was the last game of the season—Tom's last chance. The last quarter was just starting. Two tears rolled down the young man's rugged cheek as he watched the players line up. Why had Fate dealt him such a miserable hand?

The president of the college, Mr. Burns, glanced at Tom, saw his disappointment, and felt sorry for him. Mr. Burns believed in Tommy, believed in all his students. Several times he had spoken to Peters about the matter, but had never gained any satisfaction. As he sat there, gazing quietly at Tom a sudden light shone in his kindly eyes. He rose and walked over to Peters.

"Bickford going to play, Mr. Peters?"

"No. The score's tied and I can't afford to break up the unity out there."

"Isn't Cricken pretty tired?" the president inquired shrewdly.

"I don't think so, but—"

The coach stopped suddenly as he saw someone on the field signal for the water boy. Cricken was out; exhaustion had taken its toll.

Peters turned, not to Tom, but to Buncher, another backfield man.

"Get ready, Buncher."

Tom stared; Mr. Burns touched Peters on the shoulder.

"Bickford?" he inquired casually.

"No," the coach replied, with a note of finality in his tone.

"Do you know the contents of your contract, Mr. Peters?" the president asked, irrelevantly.

"Why certainly."

"Article X—'and said coach may be suspended by president of Westle College upon violation of any of the above terms, suspension to be subject

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—Subscribe—

## Sophs hold Frosh Eleven Scoreless

In a game devoid of any thrills the Freshmen and Sophomores fought each other to a stand-still for a scoreless tie. The under-classmen easily had the best of the two-year men but lacked the tallying punch. Pasco and Whinery were the shining lights of the yearlings, while Rollen and Stratton shone for the Sophomores. Both teams show promising talent and mean ill to the Junior and Senior teams who seem late getting organized.

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## Little Cousins

By Clarence Frethy

How many of you have little cousins? I mean those of the masculine type. Well, then if you have, you can sympathize with me, for it seems as though most of them are endowed with a special property of making those with whom they are in contact suffer untold agonies. My boy cousin is no exception.

Everything had been peaceful around the house with the exception of a few squalls, which you know happen in the best of regulated families. But looking back over the particulars of the week which was to follow showed me plainly that the calm was merely that preceding the storm. The postman brought us the news that we would be honored by a visit from my uncle and his family. If there was any honor to the thing it was in the fact that we didn't ask them to leave.

I awoke one morning with that feeling of impending danger which a man has when he sees some one preparing to ascertain the amount of gasoline in his tank by means of a lighted match. The danger was Uncle Charlie's coming. Uncle had a little boy—the kind one would like to see how far he could throw.

"Here comes Charlie," shouted my mother to me.

Yes, he was coming, no doubt of that; little Claire was following in the rear pulling the tops of all the flowers on the way up the walk. I walked slowly through the house to meet them.

"And this is your little cousin," beamed Uncle Charlie to me, placing a hand on little Claire's head.

I leaned down to shake hands with the little fellow but Claire had other ideas for instead of shaking hands he slapped my face.

A sickly grin overspread my features.

"He has such spirit and pep," chuckled Aunt Minnie.

"Yes, he does have," I agreed. Meanwhile Claire had skipped off somewhere.

"Where's Claire gone—what's that?"

Then at Aunt Minnie's speech we stopped and listened.

From afar sounds of a conflict reached us, sharp shrieks of delight punctuated with muffled howls, thumping and banging.

"It's upstairs," said mother.

Promptly the whole family charged up the stairs. I reached the bedroom door first, and what a sight met my eyes! In the middle of the floor stood Claire swinging Tom, our house cat, by the tail in great circles. My gaze lasted but for a moment, for Claire, seeing me, let go of the cat, who, after sailing toward me in a beautiful curve, lit on my shoulders and after wildly pawing my face, fell to the floor.

Uncle Charlie rushed past me when Aunt Minnie cried out, "Charlie, don't you dare touch him, he's only playful."

Yes, he was playful, all right. Nothing happened then until dinner time. That meal and those following for a week I shall never forget. Claire launched a soft boiled egg at Dad while he was giving the blessing—Papa slipped in some words which are commonly heard in church but which in this instance had no holy purpose, and left the room, looking like an omelet.

The next meal Claire got along very nicely—he merely broke the cream pitcher.

As I was just leaving the house I heard little Claire shouting for me to come and see where he was. I went, fear clutching me and a cold sweat breaking out on me. When I got to the parlor, I dared to raise my eyes and behold he had climbed the floor lamp.

"Lookit me playing telephone man," he shouted as he gaily rocked the lamp. Then I rushed over and

grabbed Claire by the collar and hauling him down from the pole, I took it into my hands to administer justice, for which I got a bawling out from Mother and Aunt Minnie.

Days followed in which I lived a fear-haunted life. The most beautiful dawns brought me no pleasure but only the realization of another day with Claire, also the question of what would be broken today.

In my boyhood days I had been given a beautiful model yacht and, thinking to give Claire something to do, I let him have it to play with; then I left to take a walk. When I returned I saw, not Claire, but my yacht, or rather what was left. I've seen many pictures of the Hesperus but compared to my boat they all looked like first class boats; I had never before understood the meaning of the word wreck.

It is needless to go on with a description of the remainder of the week. Sunday at last dragged itself around and we bade goodbye to the folks and dear little Claire. We turned into the house and for several hours we took stock of the damages, for the inside of the house resembled one in the movies, that had been the scene of a fight. When little Claire comes the next time there will be one less in our family; it is needless to say who that will be.

—Subscribe—

### Article X

Continued from Page 3

to approval of board of athletics; a substitute coach may be appointed by president during the suspension. Am I correctly stating the article, Mr. Peters?"

"Yes, but why?"

"Because I suspend you and appoint myself substitute," he replied calmly. "But the charge of offense?"

"I can think of one before the board meets to decide your case." Smilingly.

"But man, you can't—"

"I can and do. Bickford, he said, turning to Tome, "go in for Cricken."

As the coach saw that he was beaten he stuttered incoherently and became red in the face.

"All right, put in your Tom. See what results you get. As far as I'm concerned, this last game can go! I'm thru—" and he walked angrily to the locker room. Mr. Burns, smiling as serenely as ever took the vacant seat.

That last quarter will go down in Westle College history. Years later students will read how Westle was forced back to her own goal; how Tom Bickford ran to the opposing team's 30 yard line on a cleverly executed "spinner"; how he pulled the daring trick of a forward on the last down when a try for a field goal was the logical play; how that Westle team fought for and won the last chalk mark. They will be able to picture to themselves the sight of Tom being carried away on the shoulders of his admirers, and the night's celebration.

But some facts will never be known. It will always be a secret how a penitent coach pleaded for another chance, sure that he would no longer be so skeptical; how that coach very humbly asked Tom's pardon and wished him success in all future endeavors; and last but not least, how a kindly, white haired gentleman was really responsible for the Westle victory.

—Charles Wilhelm.

—Subscribe—

Mr. Drennan: What's this World Court they're talking about?

Mr. Rush. I guess it must be the place they're going to hold the International Tennis Matches!

—Quaker—

Doll: Do you still run around with that little blonde?

Perk: She's married now.

Doll: Answer my question!

—Subscribe—

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## Poet's Corner

### "The Smartest Boy In School"

It feels fine to be  
The smartest one in school  
Everyone around you says,  
"I wish I weren't a fool,  
So's I could be like that boy ther,  
And perhaps be in the President's  
chair!  
Yep! he'll be a great man some day."  
That's what the folks around me say.

Ten years later, now it be—  
No more am I in school!  
Now everyone around me says,  
"He's nothing but a fool,  
Yep! I'd hate to be like that man  
there,  
He'll be someday in the electric  
chair."  
That's what folks around me say,  
I'm sorry; I must change my way.  
Max Caplan. '27.

### "Opportunity"

Opportunity knocks but once they  
say,  
And often seem not to come our way  
But just keep striving to do your  
best  
And opportunity will take care of the  
rest.

—Irma Bonscina. '27.

### —Subscribe—

### "Smile."

Growl, and you'll not "rake in" A's  
Work, and the A's are won,  
An earnest, studious man  
With a backbone can  
By nothing be outdone.

Sigh, and your way looks weary  
Smile, and they'll all smile with you,  
For the cheerful grin  
Will bring you in  
Where an F is never known.  
—Mary Bodo. '27

### Did You Ever See Him?

Did you ever see a fellow  
Who always frets and whines  
Because some other fellow  
Gets more than he, at times?  
And then as he grows older  
With his troubles right at hand—  
He drops behind the others  
Because he lacks the sand?

William Smith, '27.

## Society

An interesting event of September 23rd was the reception given to the new teachers by those formerly in Salem High. Supper was served at 6 o'clock in the Domestic Science room. Directly following this, were the stunts which featured each new teacher's initiation. In the games Miss Strickler, Miss Kalbfell, Mr. Winters, Mr. Grant and Miss Smith received prizes.

Eugene Young, Senior President, took an interesting trip through the Western States and Canada.

Among the many visitors of the Sesqui-Centennial held in Philadelphia this summer were Loeta Eakin, Evelyn Miller, Elizabeth and Virginia McKee, and William Bowers.

The teachers had an enjoyable vacation. Miss Hart took a trip through the New England States. Miss Woods went to California, Miss Beardmore accompanying her as far as Denver Colorado. Miss McCready visited friends in Omaha, Nebraska. Miss Strickler motored through the eastern part of Canada and Miss Douglas took an extensive Mediterranean and Atlantic cruise.

Chester Kridler spent two weeks of his vacation in Detroit and Battle Creek, Michigan.

Margaret Atkinson toured the New England States with her parents this summer.

New York City and Atlantic City proved to be the popular vacation spots visited by Viola Stanciu, Roberta Reese, and Ralph and Gus Tolverton.

The popular president of the Junior class, Walter Deming, attended the Culver Military School during the summer session and Miss Betty Deming and Richard Harwood went down for the summer finals.

Frederick Kirkbride spent his entire vacation at the Kirkbride's summer cottage on Lake Michigan.

Mary Jane Strawn spent several weeks at the home of Dorothy Taylor in Tampa, Florida. Dorothy was formerly a student of Salem High. En route home Jane stopped at Washington, D. C., New York City, and other eastern points.

Irma Bonsonia spent four weeks of her vacation visiting relatives in

## Exchange

### INTERESTING ITEMS FROM OTHER SHCOOL

#### Wooster's Honor Roll.

Frank R. Kille, Salem; Raymond Parshall, Salem; Mary I. Strubel, Columbiana; Fred W. Hanna, Canton; Grace M. Howard, East Liverpool; Dorothy McCusky, Canton; Roger Metzler, Canton; Robert W. Siebenschuh, Canton; Edward Wesp, Can-

ton.  
A squad of twenty-four debaters at Wittenburg is now working out in preparation for the season's debates, which will concern the present governmental tendency toward the restriction of personal liberty.—The Quaker Quill.

### —Subscribe—

If you would get ahead, look ahead.  
—Look-A-Head.

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## Noah Lott

### SEIZE ALL

Hello folks! Yes here I am again. I acted as a substitute for Iman Advertiser last year once, and now I have the job for good. If I hadn't got the job I'd say I was sorry about the sudden demise of Iman. He died of an attack of collateral ribsilitis. Well, here goes!

### Question No. 1

Dear Mr. Lott—Who is the stingiest man alive?—Grabbum Z. Doe.

Ans. The fellow who held up a nominating convention to look for a cancelled two-cent stamp he had found in a garbage can.

### —Subscribe—

"Hay, hay, Farmer Gray," yells the hungry mule.

### —Quaker—

Dear Noah: Do you know of any girl or woman that ever let a man have the last word?—Thattle Dew.

Ans. Sure, the Statue of Liberty.

### —Subscribe—

"My wild 'Irish' rose," said Pat in explanation of the murder.

### —Quaker—

Dear Noah Lott: Do you think that the Dempsey-Tunney fight was a "put-up" job?—Kid Crackem.

Ans. I certainly do. First of all, Tex Rickard "put-up" a pile of jack so the boys would tangle; then the Boxing Commish "put-up" an awful howl; and finally Jack "put-up" the rottenest fight of his career.

### —Subscribe—

A man's determination can be measured by the number of times his Adam's apple moves up and down.

### —Quaker—

Dear Noah: Is the moon made of green cheese?—Lim Burger.

Ans. The noted scientist, I. Havva Keen Knows has found that the moon is not made of green cheese. He cannot smell a thing. Those opposed to the professor maintain that the fact that the moon has never been approached by men is proof of the fact that the devastating odor of the green cheese keeps them away. You may believe whichever side you wish, but my personal opinion is that the moon is made of crescent-shaped "bolony."

### —Subscribe—

What is so rare as a "uke" in tune? (Quotation from Shake Here).

### —Quaker—

Dear Mr. Lott: Why did that lady who owned the Tingling Sisters' circus sell all the tigers?—Lotta Sand.

Ans. To keep the sheiks away.

### —Subscribe—

"Yes Sir, that's my baby," said Fond Mamma as an awful howl reached their ears.

### —Quaker—

"Always," said the hobo when the cop asked which way his chum had gone

### —Subscribe—

"I'm sitting on top of the world," yelled Garibaldi as he punched Mussolini's head.

### —Quaker—

## Bring on your Troubles

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Have you any problems that are perplexing you? Are you disappointed in love? Just tell Noah your troubles and he will help you out. Noah will answer any question that you want to ask him about any subject that can be printed. Just drop your questions in the "Quaker" Contribution Boxes in 206 and 307 and Noah will do the rest.

### —Subscribe—

## O. Water Sapp

King of Sport Writers  
Tells the Adventures of

### Jawn Christopher Columbus

I  
Jawn Christopher Columbus  
Was a farmer lad by birth;  
At the age of two and twenty  
He still tilled the stony earth.

II  
But weary of such labors,  
Jawn determined to leave home  
And be a football hero  
At the school of Knotta Dome

III  
He arrived in mid-September  
With a satchel in each hand;  
And upon the college doorstep,  
Our hero took his stand.

IV  
In a game against Cadova  
Knotta Dome led all the way,  
So our blushing hero Jawnie  
Received his chance to play.

V  
Jawnie viewed the line before him—  
Husky brutes in Red and Brown;  
And our hero's Adam's Apple  
Kept moving up and down.

VI  
The quarter called Jawn's signal;  
With a last despairing gulp,  
Our Jawnie leaped into the mob;  
They ground him to a pulp.

VII  
The curtain once more rises  
On the home where Jawn was born,  
And we see our country hero  
Sadly hoeing rows of corn.

### —Subscribe—

(Watch for the "Tale of Two Pugs" in the next issue).

### —Subscribe—

## Teachers

Continued from Page 1

been Councilor in a Girls' Camp in Northern Wisconsin.

Miss Mooney, whose home is in Columbus, Ohio, has replaced Miss King, as Spanish teacher. She is a member of Ohio State's Class of '24. Miss Mooney thinks Salem High is a fine school and likes the entire student body. "But," she says, "the city water is terrible."

\*Mr. Paul Stratton, a former Salem student who has taken the place of Mr. Faires, is our new Biology and History teacher. He is a graduate of Mt. Union.

Mr. Englehart, the new Industrial Arts teacher, calls Gallon, Ohio, his home town. He received a Bachelor of Science and Education Degree from Ohio State. Mr. Englehart is pleased with our school and the students. He has a grudge, however—he does not approve of our signal light system in Salem.

Mr. Winters, our new Science teacher, graduated from Ohio State in '24, and claims a Bachelor of Science and Education Degree from that University. He comes to Salem from Granville High School.

Mr. Whiffler, who comes to us from Wisconsin, takes the place of Mr. Nichol, as assistant coach. Nothing further can be said here that you do not already know. The way the football team has responded to him, the fine condition of the team, his many valuable suggestions, all speak for themselves.

To the new teachers, the "Quaker" in behalf of the student body, extends a hearty welcome and best wishes for an enjoyable year at Salem.

### —Subscribe—

Scene at hotel after Akron West game:

Coach Springer: "How do you fellows find your meals?"

Ensemble: "With a magnifying glass!"

### —Subscribe—

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## Would-be Cadets, Attention!

The following letter explains itself. No doubt all of you are interested in what some of our boys are doing.

This letter was written to us by William R. Fleming of the U. S. Army:

In the belief that there is a general interest in the affairs of West Point and an active hometown interest in the doings of local cadets, the authorities of the United States Military Academy have arranged a service whereby the high school and college papers of the country are furnished as occasion arises with personal news items of interest concerning cadets from their respective high schools and colleges. In addition, general items on cadet life and cadet activities are furnished from time to time.

The name of your paper has been submitted by a cadet who attended your school. The purpose of this letter is to ascertain if you would care to extend the courtesy of your columns to this service.

Thanking you in advance for an early reply, I am,

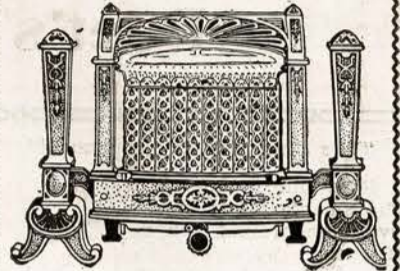
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WILLIAM R. FLEMING,

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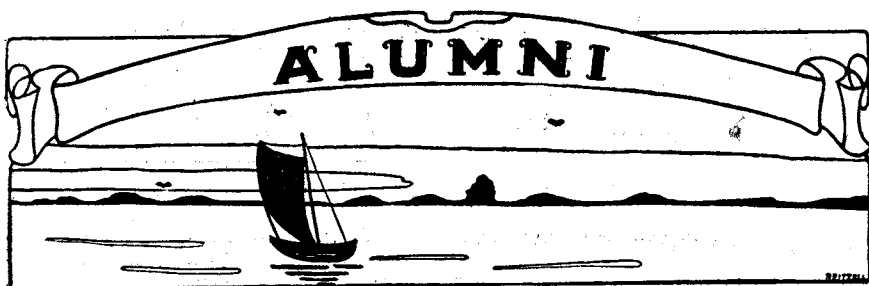
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**ALUMNI NEWS NOTES**

From the class of '26 those who have desired to continue their studies, are the following:  
 Mt. Union: Henry Yaggi, Donald Smith.  
 Ohio State: Max Fisher, Charles Coffee, Glenn Arnold.  
 Ohio University, Athens: Mary Chessman, Rex Reich.  
 Kent State Normal: Lois Snyder.  
 Dennison, Granville: Junnia Jones, Homer Eddy.  
 Western College, Oxford: Betty Jones, Sara Wilson.  
 Notre Dame College, Cleveland: Cesarie Paumier.  
 Miama College, Oxford: Robert White.  
 Washington Irving School, N. Y. City: Rosemary Filler.  
 Battle Creek College, Battle Creek, Michigan: Mary Ellen Smith.

It is the least we can do to wish our alumni the best success in the world.  
 Raymond Cobourn of the class of '25, Donald Smith and Henry Yaggi, both of the class of '26, were pledged to the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity at Mt. Union College.  
 Kenneth Jewell of '24, who is attending Bethany College, W. Va., this year, was pledged to the Beta Theta Pi fraternity.  
 Ralph Kircher of the class of '25, and a former member of the Quaker Staff, is now the Art Editor of the Green Goat, a comic magazine of Ohio University at Athens.  
 Florence Jane and Eleanor Tolerton, both graduates of Salem High, spent several weeks of their vacation in Hollywood, California, visiting relatives. Both have returned to school, Florence Jane attending Mt. Union, and Eleanor, Ohio Wesleyan.

We hope that our Alumni will join with us in making the Quaker more successful than it has ever been. In no way can you do this better than by subscribing to our paper.

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**Gloom Chasers**

**GLOOM CHASERS**

—Quaker—  
 Miss Woods: "Are you sure that this is a perfectly original theme?"  
 Tom S: "Not exactly; you may find one or two words in the dictionary!"  
 —Quaker—  
 "Fat" O: "With feet like yours, you should get a job with the government."  
 Schuller: "Doing what?"  
 "Fat": "Stamping out forest fires!"  
 —Quaker—  
 Joe S: "Can you forgive me?"  
 Margaret: "Never! What have you done?"  
 —Quaker—  
 Golf Club member (en route to club): "Want a lift, caddy?"  
 Nate C: (Looking at the sky): "H'm, it looks like rain. I think I will wait for a closed car."  
 —Quaker—  
 Barber: "Hair-cut, sir?"  
 Gus Jacobson: "Yes, but don't make it too short; I don't want to look effeminate."  
 —Quaker—  
 Bertha Mae: "Oh, I am so happy, Pifer and I have made up again."  
 "Short": "When have you set the date of your marriage?"  
 B. M.: "Oh, we haven't quarreled over that yet!"  
 —Quaker—  
 C. Frethy: "I'm raising a moustache; what color do you think it will be?"  
 "Chet": "Gray, at the rate it is growing now!"  
 —Subscribe—

"Roberta, the music teacher is waiting for you in the drawing room. Have you washed your face and hands?"  
 "Yes, Mama!"  
 "And your ears?"  
 "The one on the side of the teacher!!"  
 —Quaker—  
 Prof. Winters: "Now can anyone tell me what a myth is?"  
 Janet's solitary hand was elevated.  
 "Sure, prof; it is a female moth!"  
 —Quaker—  
 Willard E: "Do you think you could care for a chap like me?"  
 Arlene C: "Oh, I think so—if he wasn't too much like you."  
 —Quaker—  
 Less: "Why does my girl close her eyes when she is being kissed?"  
 Older: "Look in the mirror."  
 —Quaker—  
 Bumping along in the old can—six of us—Crowded as the dickens—Jane, all wrapped up in Bob and her coat, lets loose with, "Oh, I wish this skunk would stop tickling me!"—  
 'Sallrite, her coat was bordered with skunk!  
 —Quaker—  
 "Pete" H: "Hey, Perky, whatcha gonna do after yuh graduate?"  
 Perkins: "I'm gonna teach."  
 Previous: "You can't be a teacher; you're too dumb!"  
 Previous: "I ain't gonna be a teacher—I'm gonna be a college professor."  
 —Quaker—  
 Never ask a girl how to get to her house, she is liable to tell you all the taxi drivers know the way!

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 — AND —  
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## Pokeberry Juice and Mellein

Eva Humphreys

A party was being given one day, a good many years ago, in the village of Sweetbrier, and a grand time was expected by all.

This party was to be given by a certain Elmira Merrill, in honor of her arrival at the mature age of fourteen, and nearly all the boys and girls who attended the Sweetbrier district school were invited.

Now Elmira had very pretty clothes and lived in a handsome large house. Her parties were always pleasant, for Mrs. Merrill provided interesting games and good luncheons, at such times; but Elmira herself was not very well liked, excepting by her inseparable companion, Lucy Duncan.

Rosa Trues' best friend was Jane Grant and it was a deplorable fact that Rosa and Jane and Elmira and Lucy formed two factions which were very apt to always be quarreling.

One day before Elmira's party, she and Lucy were whispering around in school at a great rate, and looking in a very disagreeable way at the other girl's particularly at Jane and Rosa.

"Humph! they won't look half so well as we shall!" they heard Elmira say with a triumphant air; and then Lucy giggled, in a most provoking way.

This made Rosa and Jane feel indignant, and they determined that they would find out Elmira's secret. They accordingly put their heads together, and decided they would interview Elmira's brother Tommy, a small boy, who was always "tagging" after her and Lucy, to their great disgust, and who liked wonderfully well to tease them. Yes, Tommy would be sure to know, and by judicious management they might perhaps "pump" it out of him.

With this object in view Rosa invested ten cents, which constituted the bulk of her fortune, in a big stick of candy, and when school was over, she and Jane approached Tommy. They went at their work somewhat guiltily, for they felt that they were about to do a rather mean thing; but they were bound to find out Elmira's secret in any way possible.

Tommy was whistling loudly.

"How beautifully you do whistle, Tommy," said Jane.

Tommy grinned.

"Yes Tommy," put in Rosa, introducing the candy diplomatically, "Take some, Tommy."

Tommy accepted a "bite" of the bribe and glowed with pleasure.

"Going to have a nice time at the party, I suppose."

"Eh-us," beamingly.

"Has Elmira got a new dress?" asked Jane, coming rapidly to the point.

"Guess not."

"Then she must have a new scarf."

Tommy shook his head doubtfully.

"Well, now Tommy"—here Jane became confidential and Rosa tendered another "bite" to the victim—"what her look so nice?" How are she and has Elmira got that is going to make Lucy going to fix up? I heard her say that she was going to look awfully nice."

Tommy began to chuckle, opening his great blue eyes intelligently. "Did she say that?"

"What is it?" asked Jane.

"Well, I heard 'em in the back parlor last night, I did!"

"What did they say?"

"Oh nothing much," said Tommy, suddenly realizing his importance as the owner of a secret, "is there any more of that candy?"

The last was hastily tucked into Tommy's capacious mouth and, as soon as he could speak, the desired information came.

"I dunno as it's it," he said deliberately, "but heard 'em say they were going to have awfully red cheeks, and something about 'mullein' and 'rubbing' it in, and how it pricked."

"That's it!" shouted the girls, "Tommy, you are a darling!"

"Haven't any more candy have you?" said Tommy wistfully, and wishing he had somehow managed to make a more profitable exchange.

"Not a crumb, Tommy; but when we have some, we'll give it to you—and don't tell anybody about our asking you, Tommy—Elmira might scold PAGE 50 T?nHi !S.:te?" you, you know."

Tommy promised, and went down the road toward home very fast indeed.

"Humph!" said Jane, after the girls had had a little while; "guess we can rub our cheeks with mullein too!"

More thought.

Then Jane burst out suddenly, "I say, Rosa—there's something lots better than mullein—pokeberries!"

Sure enough they had used pokeberries many times for painting pictures. What a lovely color it would make for painting cheeks!

So the dear little simpletons toiled up the pasture, and picked a dinner pail full of pokeberries, getting home just before supper, hot and tired, but in fine spirits, and, as soon as she finished her supper, Rosa hurried over with her "things" to dress with her friend. The party was to begin at seven o'clock and they wouldn't be late for anything.

At last they were all ready, excepting the finishing touch, the pokeberry juice. Then they covered their "best dresses" with ample aprons, and prepared to apply it. They tried at first putting it on with their fingers; but that made the effect very dauby. Then they tried a rag. That was worse still.

At last Jane bethought herself of her paint box, and brought out one of her camel's hair paint brushes, which answered the purpose very well, especially as the girls could then artistically shade off the edges of the round red spots, which they made by dipping the brush into water and apply it all around.

They were pretty tired when they were finished and a trifle late at the party, after all. They had quite the reddest cheeks there, throwing the mullein painted young ladies quite in the shade—to say nothing of escaping the rough little mullein points.

All this happened, as I said, a long while ago; so long that Rosa and Jane have probably forgotten their foolish experiment, though some others who were in the secret have not.

If you should ask them—those sensible, practical ladies, excellent housekeepers, whether they had ever painted their faces to go to a party, they would laugh at you, and tell you, that you ought to be ashamed to ask them such a question!

Nevertheless they did.

—Subscribe—

### Contribute

Continued from Page 1

Schuller, sports; Jane Strawn, society; Clara Patten, literary; Loeta Eakin, assembly; Paul Howell, joke editor; Freda Headly, exchange; Robert Garrison and Lila Kelly, art; Geo. Rogers, senior reporter; Elizabeth McKee, sophomore editor; Irene Slutz Julia Patten, and Louise Smith, proof readers; and Mabel Cobb, Mary Bodo, Evelyn Shepherd, and Julia Patten, typists.

The business staff consists of Lamoine Derr, Lewis Platt, and Clarence Frethy, Senior Associate Managers; and Harold Hurst and Wayne Morron, Junior Associate Managers.

A contribution each day keeps the "Quaker" staff gay.

—Subscribe—

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